



ASSUMPTION COLLEGE REVIEW

Sandwich, Ontario

FEBRUARY, 1909.



THE MINIMS RUGBY TEAM.

The names, from left to right, are: C. Thiede, coach; F. Boos, c.; H. Fox, h. b.; J. Maher, h. b.; J. O'Flaherty, l. e.; F. Ayers, r. e.; K. Badard, l. t.; M. Martin, f. b.; F. Swinehart, r. e.; L. Morand, r. t.; M. Mardion, r. g.; C. Taylor, l. g.; W. Hanson, q. b.; J. Sullivan, q. b.

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The Devil's Crisis.



EVERY man who has had his own row to hoe has at some time in his career passed through a crisis. He has reached a point where he must decide, where on one hand lies prosperity, on the other ruin. Both look alike to him then, but by the choosing of one he must decide his fate. Nor is this the case with men only. We are told that the angels once had to decide whether they would remain faithful to God or not. Some of them followed the arch-fiend and were lost, the others remained loyal and were confirmed in glory. Now it is of a second crisis for one of the unfaithful ones that I am going to tell you and the subject of our story, I will not say our hero, is the one just mentioned, "The Devil," "The Old Boy," "Harry" or "Nick," whatever your own pet name for him may be. Few have ever heard of this crisis, so that I, the last child of a noble race, have determined that the world shall be no longer deprived of so choice a morsel of antique lore.

In a little cottage there lived a poor woman named Catharine Byrne who had an only daughter Anne. She was the perfection of everything maidenly, so that more than one young man of the neighborhood hoped that his attentions to her would be favored. Time went on however and the damsel spurned all their offers except those of a "gentleman of fortune" named John O'Dougherty. She had known him from childhood, and the fifteen years that he was fighting in Flanders did not decrease the little spark of love for him which was kindled in her young days. On his return from the continent the little spark burst into a flame.

One evening the two were sauntering along the quiet road, here and there hedged by bushes, when suddenly there darted out from the shadow a tall thin cavalier. He was attired, like O'Dougherty, in black velvet, and like him, wore the sword. The instant that their eyes met both drew and rushed into combat. The terrified maiden gazed in awe at the battle, which for a time was even.

And then at last she saw the stranger's rapier dart straight at O'Dougherty's heart. He made an effort to parry, missed his stroke and fell to the ground as a stream of bright red blood spurted from his breast. Anne, unmindful of his murderer, bent over him; but, alas! she saw too well that the wound was fatal. John gave one feeble groan, and then lay still.

When Anne lifted her eyes she could get no sight of him who had struck her lover down. As she turned once more to the prostrate form her heart suddenly filled with grief, and she wept until from sheer exhaustion she sank down unconscious. When she recovered she was in her own little home. Her mother was standing over her and at seeing her open her eyes, beamed with thankfulness. Anne's first thought was of her lover, and then suddenly she recollected how she had last seen him a corpse beside the road. She began to weep and fret herself away, until her mother became stern and told her that she must forget her sorrow. Anne was so depressed however that

she fell into a severe fever. For weeks she lingered between life and death, but by the good nursing of her mother she finally recovered. But all her better nature was gone and she was given to impatience. One day as she was helping her mother carry a kettle of boiling lye she accidentally let the kettle fall. The lye was spilled and severely burned her mother's foot, the latter becoming frantic from pain, cursed her daughter, saying, "May your lover be the devil, daughter mine!"

At hearing this Anne also became angry, and for some time they carried on a conversation which tended to anything but to re-establish affection. At last, however, as the pain subsided, the mother came to her better senses, and deplored her hasty words. It took a good deal of persuasion and perseverance again to win her daughter's good will, but by acts of kindness she managed to make her understand that the curse was revoked. From this time life went on with the mother and daughter just as it had before her unfortunate lover returned from Europe. Anne at times grieved for the departed one but not as violently as she had formerly. She saw that to despair and throw away the many offers which she might yet accept would be the part of folly.

About two years after the tragedy there moved into the district a young man to whom she took a great liking. His name was McLived. He claimed to be of Scotch parentage, and was like her former lover, a "gentleman of fortune." After one of his semi-weekly calls the mother took her daughter to task by telling her that she must break with the young man. This was a pang to Anne's heart, and in a tone not all-together gentle she asked for an explanation.

"Because that young man is the devil," answered her mother. "I can see the Evil Eye and the lineaments of Satan in his face. The next time he comes you must tell him that you desire his attention no longer, and if he persists in staying you must act just as I tell you. You are to have the holy water bottle near you and stay in

this room with him. I will leave and lock the door after me, drawing the key on the other side. Then you are immediately to take the holy water, sprinkle it suddenly over the young man, and, if he is the devil, as I doubt not, he must needs go out through the keyhole."

And thus it happened that when McLived called at the old widow's home on the following Sunday night, he was told that his attentions were no longer desired. He insisted upon staying however, and with admirable address managed to prolong his visit until the old lady could endure it no longer. She calmly walked into the little room where the two were sitting, and in a matter of fact way placed the holy water bottle on the shelf; then she turned and locking the door after her withdrew the key. Anne made some excuse for rising and, taking the holy water bottle, she suddenly withdrew the cork and shot half the contents in the direction of the Scotchman. Within the twinkling of an eye he was changed from a foppish, polite, handsome young man into a small, cunning, lithe serpent. He made across the floor in Anne's direction and she could hear the hiss and see the fangs dart back and forth from his mouth. She screamed but had presence of mind enough to use the holy water again. At this the serpent turned, glided hissing toward the door and then, strange to relate, up the panel to the key hole and shot through it in an instant. Anne heard her mother's laugh of triumph in the other room, and a moment later the key grated in the lock and there stood her mother with a curious trophy in her hand. It was a bottle tightly corked, and in it lay the serpent, writhing and hissing. She had held the mouth of the bottle over the key hole and the devil had crawled into it. The girl was frightened but the old lady coolly said :

"Anne, the night before I planned this with you, I had a strange dream. In it I saw the figure of your murdered lover and he told me that my curse should be realized, and that you would be beloved by the devil. He then told me how to act, and assured me that if I

followed his directions, all would be well. I did so, and here, you see, is the result. We must now carry it down the road and put into the niche in the old stone wall under the oak tree. Then we will plaster it up with mud and leave his Satanic majesty to his fate."

The two threw on their shawls and passed down the dark road with the bottle and its diabolical inhabitant. They placed the bottle in the niche, plastered it up and returned home; the daughter rejoicing that she had escaped such a terrible fate, the mother that severer consequences had not followed her curse.

* * * *

About half a mile from the old stone wall stood a gloomy castle inhabited by a stern old duke who had one fair daughter, Beatrice. In the castle court yard on the morning after the events related above, a strange scene was taking place. The haughty duke was lashing one of the guards, who was tied to a post. He had been unfaithful in carrying a message for his lord and now was being whipped for his inconstancy. He was screaming at every cut of the lash, while the old duke was doing his best to apply the whip harder. Then a door opened and his daughter, Beatrice stepped forth. At seeing her father she cried:

"Spare him! spare him! he has suffered enough. Do not kill him, send him away, but father, don't, don't kill him. Grant me this one request and I will ask no more for a year."

The old man frowned, and taking a last fearful lash at his victim ordered one of the servants to send him away—anywhere so long as he should never be around the place again. The old guard, hardly able to move and racked with pain in every limb, slowly made his way out of the castle and started down the high road. He passed along under a hot sun until he saw standing near the road an ancient oak, under which was a stone wall. He turned off the highway and once in the shade of the

gigantic tree threw himself down upon the ground exhausted. After some time he fell asleep, and when he awoke it was sunset. As he sat up and rubbed his eyes he heard a little tremulous voice saying—

“Let me out and I’ll make you wealthy! Let me out and I’ll make you wealthy!”

The old soldier listened. The voice seemed to issue from a recently plastered place in the stone wall. He thought that the words had been part of his dream, but again they sounded.

“Let me out and I’ll make you wealthy! Let me out and I’ll make you wealthy!”

Then the old guard arose and picking up a stick began to dig out the clay. Soon he ran upon a bottle and on pulling it out saw in it a little serpent. He turned for an instant to lay down his stick and on glancing again at the bottle saw to his surprise that there was not now a snake in it but a small mouse which spoke, “Let me out and I’ll make you wealthy!”

The soldier was puzzled. What could this be that, although a mouse, spoke like a human being? He rubbed his eyes and looked through the glass. It was not a fantasy. There in the bottle was the mouse, and he could see the mouth move as the words issued.

“Who are you?” he demanded.

“I am he whom you call the devil,” answered the mouse.

“Then, Father of Lies,” returned the soldier, “I will never trust you again, much less let you out. It was at your bidding two years ago, and by your power that I disguised as a young man’s sworn enemy, and killed him in the presence of his young lover. You then promised me wealth, but what have I ever received? Nothing but remorse and misfortune until today I find myself nearly as low as yourself. No, Prince of Prevaricators, you shall stay here, and the longer the better. I will put you back and plaster you up once more.”

“No,” answered Satan, “Let me out and this time I

will not break my word. I will do more than give you wealth. I will make you noble. I swear by the great glory which I once held in heaven that I will. Only let me out ! let me out !"

"Oh ! not too hasty, lowest in hell's pit. How will you make me noble ?"

"I will take possession of your master's daughter and at no one's command will I leave her except yours. On the third day you must tell the duke that you can cure his daughter, for I will make her a raving maniac. When he sees that all else fails he will allow you to come to her, and at your bidding I shall leave her and she will get well. Then in gratitude he will give you his daughter whom he loves dearly, and will make you his heir."

"Then it goes," said the soldier, as with his dagger he dug the cork from the bottle. The mouse dropped out and on touching the ground became a snake and headed off through the grass toward the castle.

* * * *

That evening all was sadness at the castle. Beatrice the beautiful, Beatrice the amiable, was a raving maniac. Foam issued from her mouth, and the best physicians had reached her side, but all in vain. When morning dawned she became more quiet but spoke not, and there was in her eyes a glassy stare that betokened no good. As evening drew on again the raving started and that night was spent just as the previous one. The old duke was almost despondent and had decided to avail himself of anything which could cure his daughter. Early the next morning the banished guard called at the castle, saying that he wished an audience with the duke. When the latter heard who it was that wished to see him, he gave orders that the vagabond should be sent away. But the soldier boldly replied that he would not leave until he had cured his lord's daughter. The page then went to the duke again and told him what the guard had said. The old man could scarcely believe his ears, and summoned the visitor to come to him.

"So you, unfaithful one, are here again. You say you can cure my daughter. If you can, do so ; but I warn you, if you do not, you must die. Come to her at once and see that you are as good as your word."

"Your Grace must know that it is necessary that I have until to-morrow morning to do this ; but to-morrow evening, if your daughter is not well, you may kill me."

The guard then left the castle and returned the next day at noon. Beatrice was quiet as on the day previous, and as soon as the guard was shown into the sick room he charged the devil in Gaelic to leave the maiden. But there was no sign of his departure. On the contrary the fits started again, and despite all that the poor guard could do, the girl grew worse. That evening it was evident that the devil was breaking his word again. The old guard was trembling with the fear of death, for he knew that the duke's word was never broken. Nor did his fears prove groundless, for about seven o'clock two warders entered, put him in shackles and conducted him to one of the castle dungeons. The duke had given orders that he was to be beheaded at sunrise, but that he might see the priest.

Shortly after midnight Father Peter arrived from the little hamlet below the castle and began to prepare the doomed man for death. The guard told the priest about his contract with the devil and how he had failed to cure the duke's daughter. Father Peter tried to comfort him and told him that he might save him yet. Accordingly, the priest went back to the village and aroused a number of the inhabitants. After instructing them to raise a great hubbub he returned to the castle and bade the duke order the canon fired and make as great a racket as possible. He told the duke that by his clamor he would cure his daughter, but he must be granted a favor in return, namely, that the duke promise to grant him what he asked when the cure was effected. His Grace promised and the priest went alone into the sick room. As he entered the girl became quiet and the devil called out—

"Priest, what are you here for? What means the racket?"

"It means that you have reached your crisis, that all are celebrating your down-fall, for within one hour your power will be forever broken unless you leave this maiden."

The devil really believed the crisis had come. The girl trembled, screamed, and then fell into a peaceful sleep, from which she arose in perfect health.

* * * *

Little remains to be told. The priest's request was granted, and the guard's life was spared. But for his diabolical contract he did penance the rest of his life, and died a holy man. Beatrice and her father were more united than ever after the terrible occurrence, and when they learned that poor Catherine Byrne and her daughter also figured in their tragedy they took them into their own rich household.

More than this I cannot gather from the tattered old document which has been a treasured family possession for years. Whom and when Beatrice and Anne wedded must be left to the reader's research, but we trust that they did well.

—WM. J. FLANAGAN.

Guiseppe's Sin.



It was the hour when the mountains radiate with a golden glow around their summits and the snow hides itself behind them as if entering a region of mysteries. The shepherd boy has resumed his song and the young maiden in the field crowns her day's work with a popular ditty.

Guiseppe was descending the hillside, whistling gaily, and watching with interest everything he saw; for in a few days these familiar scenes were to be exchanged for others in far-off America. The day for departure was set and he was soon to leave Italy.

A number of peasant lads tempted him to stop and allow a few moments to roll by in the enjoyment of merry laughter and jest. To-day they seemed bent on mischief and the infection of their indiscreet gayety seized Guiseppe. Just then the slender form of a young girl carrying a basket on her head was outlined against the hillside. As she passed by she was made the butt of a shower of silly jests, and he, who had been her playmate from childhood, her Guiseppe, was not even offended.

She turned to him, as to one on whom rested greater responsibility and looked straight into his eyes, her countenance expressing pain rather than anger. Guiseppe perceived the deep wound of her soul in the dark brilliancy of her beautiful eyes and read in the alternate blushing and paling of her face a strong rebuke. Grazia said nothing, but words could not have been so eloquent as her look, and Guiseppe secretly reproached himself for his behavior. Guiseppe's laughter became constrained and it was with a painful effort he fained a merriment which he did not feel.

That night as he sat at home near a corner of the hearth, piling the wood in various ways with a pair of thongs and beating a large stick making it yield a proces-

sion of sparks which rushed up the chimney, his mother, under the painful realization of her son's obstinate determination to quit Italy, was exhorting him to be good and to remember, when abroad, all the holy lessons he had learned at home.

For Anna, the departure of her son meant the loss of her last source of comfort. She had recently become a widow and this was for her the last drop which was to fill her cup of sorrow to overflowing. Although the separation was not fatal it was indeed a heavy blow, for she knew that many a youth going to America had been as one lost to his mother. Money and pleasures had made them selfish. She was inclined, however, to hope for better things from her son. It was a confidence that sprang from her great affection; and this faith in him had been strengthened by the many who had envied her because of her son. Still it was a period of restless and unsatisfactory pondering.

At length the day came when, amid tears of bitter sorrow, she had to give her son up to the uncertain mercy of fortune. How deserted her home was now that Guiseppe had gone! She could not have believed that it would have been so lonely. Guiseppe's voice no longer chased away the silence of their little home, she had no more the merry whistle or joyous laughter of her only boy. Her double loss at times crushed her spirit almost to despair.

Months and even years went by with the sole consolation of a letter at intervals of increasing length, until the fears and doubts of the poor widow came true. Guiseppe did not care for her any more. Yet through it all the brave soul never gave up hope.

There is always some light, some hidden unsubdued power in prayer. When not at work in her garden or earning a miserable pittance by menial work in the employ of others, Anna stood alone "like a shadowy hermit forgotten by death and left to tread the ground sacred to another generation." On a wall facing a rustic bench

where she was wont to sit, a niche, with the image of the Blessed Virgin, reflected the mystic light of a candle, and here she used to pray that the Madonna would guard her boy and send him back to her.

One day after gathering herbs along the banks of a stream near her home, she approached a little chapel which was deserted except on Trinity Sunday. On that day the priest came to celebrate Mass in honor of the Blessed Trinity, in whose honor the Chapel had been erected. It was seldom visited at other times. As she drew near she was surprised to find that it was not deserted.

Near the door someone knelt in prayer. It was Grazia, who, seven years before, had been so ungallantly treated by her Guiseppe. After they had concluded their devotion they saluted. Grazia was simply dressed in blue woollen cloth of home make, and an apron tastily trimmed. Over her long dark tresses was a light shawl of brilliant colors. Anna gazed on her with admiration and affection. She had often visited her during these years of her abandonment and consoled her in her loss.

Anna asked her young friend to write a letter for her to Guiseppe which she readily consented to do.

But what of Guiseppe in far off America. He had came from a small village where the richest was poor and where pleasures were circumscribed within the narrow compass of the Italian peasantry. But in this new home everything was grand in his eyes; the theatre, the saloon, the brilliantly lighted streets with their ever-varying panorama of fashion and folly. He plunged into the great maelstrom of pleasures as far as his modest means permitted. His native village, the home of his childhood, even the sweet face of his mother, become less and less to him until they had faded into the shadowy region of the half-forgotten past. One picture clung to his memory through it all. It was that last look of indignant reproach which Grazia had given him three days before his departure from home. It exercised at times a tyrannic

power over his mind and heart, and he was too weak to banish it, try as he would. At night her frown flashed into his dream consciousness like a mystic symbol of reproach; and in the day he felt its power when he was tempted to disregard the lessons he had learned at his mother's knee. In moments of calm and serious thought her face was less severe and he then longed to throw himself at her feet and beg her pardon for what he had done.

Of late, he had come to think more frequently of home. There were times when his heart melted almost to tears as the realization of his own ingratitude was flashed vividly on his mind by some passing remark of a companion or an article in the daily paper. He had not been without a considerate friend to admonish him to care for her whom he had been long neglecting. But hitherto he had, by some mysterious paradox in his nature, neglected the one whom he really loved with a deep, tender love. He had never ceased to hope that sooner or later he would save enough money to return to her and comfort her declining years.

He began to lose much of his former recklessness, the company of rollicking companions was becoming distasteful, and even work was more exhausting than usual. These were a prelude to a long seige of fever. In his wanderings when the fever was high, he saw Grazia regarding him with a look in which reproach, and contempt mingled with pity. Sometimes she appeared to him on the shaggy sides of the Appenines, sometimes in the open fields, where she mingled with a group of companions in holiday attire, sometimes in the church absorbed in prayer, and sometimes, too, in his old garden where she sat by his mother, consoling and encouraging her; and always as he gazed she turned to cast over his soul the mystic influence of her relentless displeasure.

The consciousness of guilt tortured him. He thought that if he were to die he would be unprepared to meet his God, and was about to ask the sister who watched at his bedside to bring a priest, when he saw the kindly face

of an elderly priest entering the great sick room where he had several fellow sufferers.

The fever passed, and with the return of consciousness came the determination to forsake his former companions and to return to Italy as soon as he was able. And now the picture of Grazia presented itself, but greatly changed. Reproach and displeasure had changed to kindness and sympathy, and it soothed his sorrowing soul.

In the meantime Grazia continued to visit poor old Anna at frequent intervals, bringing with her some of her intimate friends. On these occasions the little home would take on new life, dispelling for a time the dreariness of Anna's life. She would entertain them with wonderful fairy tales or pious legends from the folk-love of the peasantry.

One evening late in October, Grazia had stayed with Anna later than usual. Her brother, Giacinto had not come to escort her home as was his custom. Grazia was ready to start when she heard some one at the door. Thinking it must be her brother she opened the door.

With a little cry of alarm she said, "It is Guiseppe."

As Guiseppe entered the little room Anna ran to meet him and was clasped in his strong arms.

Tears of joys ran plentifully down her aged cheeks, and she would have fallen had not Guiseppe gently borne her to a seat. Meanwhile Giacinto had come and Grazia unwilling to intrude at so sacred a time, excused herself and departed for home. Anna could not feast her eyes enough with the sight of her prodigal, and when he announced his intention of remaining at home in future, her happiness was complete. She told him all that happened in the little village since he had gone to America, repeating over and over again many occurrences of special interest.

But Grazia was the chief topic of conversation. Whenever Guiseppe mentioned her name the affectionate old lady would at once launch out into a homely panegyric of her virtue, her kindness and of the resourceful-

ness of her charity. "Were it not for her," said Anna "I should long ago have been away beneath the sod, in the graveyard yonder. Her coming brought light and cheer to the house, and joy and courage to my heart. May God bless her and her good mother for all they have done for me in your absence." Guiseppe now felt keenly the contrast between his own unnatural conduct towards his old mother, and the nobility of Grazia's unselfish love, and his heart went out with a pure strong devotion.

At times he would reproach himself as he thought what Grazia must think of him. "She will never forgive me or respect me," he thought. With these vain regrets tempering the joy he felt at his return, he spent at home the day following his return and the next. Grazia had not accompanied her mother when she came to congratulate Anna and to see her boy, who had come back from across the great ocean, and he dared not ask about her.

On the third day he ventured to visit his old haunts about the village, when he was surprised how little it had changed. On his return he noticed in the distance that a man was following a young lady, who seemed to be hastening to escape. It was already late in the evening, and in the dusk Guiseppe could not recognize them. Fearing the intention of the man he hastened to interfere, if it should seem necessary.

He soon was up with them and was surprised to have Grazia address him.

"I am so glad you came. This fellow has been following me, and has been persecuting me with his unwelcome addresses for months." With more heat than prudence Guiseppe ordered him to desist from his ungentlemanly advances in future. For answer he received a blow from the other. This Guiseppe returned with such force as to send the fellow sprawling on the ground. The other regained his feet quickly and drawing a knife made a vicious slash at Guiseppe who parried it with his arm, receiving a severe cut across the elbow. A second stab entered his left breast below the shoulder. Frightened by

the outcry raised by the terrified Grazia, the assailant made good his escape, leaving Grazia to care for the wounded man. Her cries had attracted some of the neighbors, and in half an hour the affair was the talk of the village. Soon the doctor had come and gone, and friends had offered their sympathies to Guiseppe, or satisfied their curiosity. They did not remain long when they learned that the wound was not likely to have any serious consequences.

Grazia alone remained with Anna. It grieved her to have been in any way the occasion of Guiseppe's injury, and she wanted to let him know how grateful she felt for his manly interference to protect her. "I shall tell him to-morrow," she thought, "when he is not suffering so much."

Meanwhile she did everything in her power to help the sufferer. Guiseppe had dozed off into a restless slumber, and when he awoke he saw Grazia watching him with eyes full of sympathy and tenderness. "Grazia," he cried, "it is you. I have been anxious to speak with you ever since I came home." "You had better rest quietly," said Grazia anxiously. "I am not suffering so much now. Do you remember the occasion when you were so offended with me because I did not protect you from the insults of a gang of young fellows as you were returning from the fields. It was a day or two before I left for America."

"I remember the occasion well," said Grazia, "and the man who stabbed you was the leader in it."

"Many a time since then," continued Guiseppe, "has my conduct on that day been a source of reproach. The frown of indignation which you turned upon me has haunted me ever since. In my fever it came up before me like a spirit from another world, and I had no power to change those clouded brows to brighter, kindlier ones. But now you no longer show resentment, and I want you to say that you have forgiven me."

"I forgave you Guiseppe, when you determined to return to Italy and your poor old mother."

—A. SCARNECCHIA, '09.

Hildebrand.



PROBABLY never before nor since has the Church of Christ seen such sad days as at the close of the eleventh century. For some time the Church had been suffering from the evil effects of investiture and vassalage. From the fifth to the tenth century she had been amassing great wealth ; now she was suffering the natural consequences. The system of investiture and vassalage had degraded the highest ecclesiastical offices. Often wicked favorites of the King and even children were placed on the throne of a Bishop, formerly occupied by a good and pious man and not infrequently by a saint. In a word, the Bishops became vassals of the King, and as vassals of the King, they must be his servants ; they must bend their wills against their conscience to the Royal will ; they must spend their time at his court to the utter disregard of their duties and the God-given care of their flocks. These abuses had penetrated into the innermost circles of religious life, not barred even by monastery doors, where men who were pledged to uphold the church fell into the way of worldliness. As is the custom where evils have spread for a time among the priests of the true Church, the records of such abuses have been exaggerated and distorted as greatly as occasion would allow, but they were in fact sufficient almost, to threaten the very existence of Christian life. As an auxiliary to the trouble in the Church, society was enraged by the feudal anarchy and tyranny so rampant at the time, and the trend of opinion seemed to be to return to the imperial, political, and religious despotism of former ages.

As every disease has some antidote, some check must come to this evil. This was furnished by the papacy which, since the time of Leo IX. had been endeavoring to reform and remedy the serious evils menacing almost

the whole of Europe. Christ has promised to remain with his Church forever, and it was largely due to the Divine assistance that right finally prevailed. But man's will is free and God requires man's co-operation with his grace to gain the end he seeks. In this way we can attribute the success of the papacy to the men who occupied the throne and bestow our praise upon them when they have deserved it.

The man most worthy of our praise among the Popes of the Eleventh century is Gregory VII., the man, who, despite many obstacles and difficulties, and the evils of which we have been speaking, restored the Church to its natural condition. Indeed he seems to have been sent by Providence to remedy these abuses. At the death of Alexander II., in the year 1073, Cardinal Hildebrand ascended the papal throne, being the unanimous choice of both clergy and people. The obstacles to a successful and glorious pontificate were innumerable, but Hildebrand was equal to the occasion, and the ability with which he overcame all obstacles has rendered the name of Gregory VII., which he took at his coronation, to fame immortal.

Truly Gregory was a great man. In executing the affairs pertaining to the temporalities of his exalted office, he combined all the virtue and simplicity of the humble monk secluded in a monastery with the tact and ability of a naturally great man. Even on the papal throne he lived as a devout monk, stricter to himself than to his subordinates, and always obeying his own instruction with more zeal than those for whose benefit they were given. Never has the Church been favored with a Sovereign Pontiff who knew so well how to blend into the conduct of each day all the severity of the monastic life with the distraction and anxieties incident to offsetting the trickeries and evil designs of Kings and politicians. Many other Popes have rendered inestimable service to our Holy Church, but they had not the difficulties to contend with that Gregory had, difficulties that for a time bore him down but never overcame him.

Above all Gregory was a man of lofty ideals. He thoroughly understood the duties required of him by the high office to which he had been raised. Corruption in every phase and department of life met his astounded gaze, but more particularly that which had penetrated the sanctuary, and he marked this as the first abuse to be remedied. The incontinency of the clergy, bringing with it innumerable allied evils, had been attacked by other good and able Popes, but they failed because they had not attacked the evil in its source, nor strengthened the attack with sufficient legislation against the guilty parties. Gregory was quick to discern. The evils of the Church had resulted from the hampered condition it was in, owing to the intrusion into priestly offices of worldly men, who had not the spirit of Christ. Gregory saw at once that he must not only order the expulsion of these men but see that they were expelled from the offices they had usurped.

To ferret out the corruption in a body ordained for God's work is almost an impossible task ; but starting at the very root of the evil Gregory pursued his attack with so much vehemence that he could not but accomplish his end.

He again enacted former laws to guide the clergy in their duties, he made the laws more stringent ; he deposed all priests who had enriched themselves through the vice of simony ; he excommunicated those who had been guilty of concubinage. So far he had gone no further than his predecessors who had failed. But Gregory never stopped short of success. Seeing full well that ecclesiastical censure would not gain his end he forbade the faithful, under pain of excommunication, to receive any comforts of the Church from the deposed priests. The people obeyed. Gregory's point was gained. The unworthy ministers, deprived of parishioners, abandoned their parishes.

The zeal and determination with which Gregory carried out his reforms against the opposition he encounter-

ed point to the most striking trait in his character, his unshaken belief in the righteousness of his course and the invincible tenacity with which he clung to anything he had begun until he saw its accomplishment. When Gregory decided that a thing was necessary for the welfare of the Church neither the will of a King nor the threats of a Prince could move him from his duty to God. When he enacted his laws against simony, unworthy priests objected and slothful Bishops complained, but Gregory persevered.

The exorbitant sums of money which many Simonists were obliged to pay in recompense for their benefices induced them to pillage both churches and monasteries in an effort to reimburse themselves. To counteract this glowing end the Pontiff passed the famous law forbidding investiture of the clergy by the laity, and *vice versa*. In its more remote consequences this has been termed by the world as revolutionary. Men of the world scorned it but Gregory was a genius of iron will and heeded not their scorn. He could discern the power he was granted by the common opinion of the time. Temporal authority was not given by God, but in the Middle Ages it was granted without restriction to the Papacy, and Gregory looking only to do the work of God determined as a means to that end, to take advantage of the opportunity he was offered and use his free-given authority to further the interests of our Holy Church. In this way he wrung submission from his strongest adversary in his endeavor to free the Church from the vice of simony.

Henry IV., of Germany, had through this practice, been acquiring immense revenues, and had become by the influence of an immoral court, a practical reprobate, dissolute and unprincipled. As could be expected from a man of his stamp he refused to give up this profitable means of revenue, and Gregory took such a stand against him as to show for all time the fearlessness of his character. He excommunicated the Emperor and released his people from their duty towards him, tactfully securing

the co-operation of over one hundred Bishops to aid him in his task. Again had he gained his purpose, the Emperor doing a public penance of three days at Canossa, after which he was absolved. But the trouble was not over. It was on the contrary just well begun. Henry, true neither to God nor man, in direct opposition to his oath, continued to put his tools into bishoprics and gathered an army to oppose the Pope. Gregory still held firm and not even the danger of being made a captive could shake his purpose. Although sick and infirm he continued the struggle not in the least daunted by reverse, and only death hurried on by his labors and saddened by a slight reverse could check his path against the Emperor.

Throughout his troublesome reign Gregory stood firm in his unshaken faith in God. He knew that he was in the right, that right would prevail, and that God would come to his assistance. It was the conviction that sustained him through his long struggle with Henry. We are told that his treatment of the Emperor at Canossa was barbarous; but without prejudice we may say it was not half as barbarous as the treatment meted out to the Pope by the Emperor; and the Pope had God on his side while the Emperor had absolutely no right on his. The Pope acted for the love of God; the Emperor thought only of furthering his ambition to overthrow the work of God. During his penance at Canossa he was clothed in the penitential garb which may be worn over the ordinary attire and continued his penance only in the daytime. Indeed to be cruel to any man was furthest from Gregory's thoughts, as his kindness shone pre-eminent and to this one trait we must attribute his only defect. If he had deigned to act more severely with Henry in the beginning he could have averted much trouble afterwards, but his kindness asserted itself. When the princes of the Empire wished to dethrone the Emperor, the kindness of the Pope intervened in his favor, and by the benevolence of Gregory he was given twelve months in

which to repent his ways. He pretended to do so but used the time in an endeavor to gather an army.

Gregory the Great, now a saint of the Catholic Church, was persecuted in his own day and caluminated after his death. And why? Because the love of God was ever paramount in his affections, and the world understood not his actions. In one of his letters to the faithful he expresses his sole aim and ambition. In obedience to the command of Christ he wished to spread the Church founded by Christ to all parts of the world to the greater honor and glory of God and the salvation of men's souls. And if we further wish to exemplify the nobleness of his character we have only to repeat those words, worthy of the great man to which he gave utterance in the last few moments before he went before the Eternal God of Heaven and Earth. "*Dilexi justitiam et odivi iniquitatem propterea morior in exilio.*"

—W. TILLMANN CORCORAN, '09.





Editorial.

February 22nd.

This is the month of George Washington, a cold month, but not so cold as to depreciate the worth of our admiration. All honor to the great nation-builder, who read the pulse of the age and prescribed liberty, the sole antidote to anarchy and tyranny ; this too at a time when it would do most good and to a people that would benefit by it. And whilst we are placing the laurel wreath on the brow of this great man, let it be long and beautiful. Let it reach to the brows of every member of that galaxy of Liberty's devotees, whom we shall range around Washington as a centre and make the great tableau of freedom be lifted high above that land which they made in order that the world may see who taught them the great lesson of Liberty, Peace and Prosperity.

Edgar Allen Poe.

Edgar Allen Poe holds the centre of the stage. The Solid South is surpassing itself in paying a long out-

standing debt to the man who in life dwelt in the dread dim region of Auber, and in death rests peacefully in the diminutive Westminster Churchyard at the corner of Fayette and Green streets, Baltimore. The faucets of the Poe Cult are all turned on and the local output is like to rival the contents of the Boston Browning boiler. Just at the psychological moment Mr. W. C. Brownell appears in the January Scribner with a heavy stopper which is to plug the whole flow at the very source. To us, this is unfortunate. We shall not always be in the early spring and when the time comes for the sap to run, why not let it flow. What great man has ever deserved all the plaudits which in seasons of enthusiasm, admirers have raised. The overflow now will serve to keep alive some few meads of praise when the dry season comes. Substantially Mr. Brownell's verdict makes Poe a mere technician, who writes by the rule and measure system, relies for effect on metrical jingle and our morbid taste for the horrible in nature. Granting that this is true, would it not have been more graceful in Mr. Brownell to wait for a more opportune moment to startle us into our right senses with what we knew already? The Poe season will be well on the wane by February 22nd. Till then we say: "Let him hold the centre of the stage."

Wireless.

Nothing in our experience so fittingly illustrates the progress of applied science as what has been termed "The Miracle of the Waters." When the Florida crashed into the ill-fated Republic more than seven hundred lives were put in the direst jeopardy, and in less time than the telling of it occupies, the four winds were weighed with the message of danger and disaster. Faster than the winds themselves the galvanic message flashes in every direction pervading the atmosphere like sound, and ready to dart into every ear that is sensitive to its message. At the same moment, receivers hundreds of miles apart catch the flying words, record them and the cry for

help is heard and answered. A great French Ocean Liner speeding on its way at twenty knots an hour feels in its masts the presence of a message, reads, rounds about at once and sets out at full speed for the very spot whence came the cry. On shore, the ocean watchdogs of Marconi feel the disturbance, read it aright and almost in the same moment spreads the warning. Soon several vessels are speeding to, they know not what; but whither, they know. Not like the message but as fast as the mighty engines can propel the huge leviathans of Man's creation the rescuers respond to the scene of horror. They are saved, and the telegrapher flicks off his thumb and finger, the news that all are safe, across hundreds of miles of rolling waters to calm the anxious souls on shore. What would the Greek or Roman say to such a story? What, our ancestors of pioneer days, or even our fathers? Nay! what would we have replied not so many years ago. It surely sounds like a fairy tale or a Jules Vernism. Science, Thou art wonderful! Great is the genius of progress!

Something New in Advertising.

An interesting phenomenon has recently manifested itself in the religious world which is peculiarly characteristic of the age. A certain Mr. Williams, a duly authorized dispenser of gospel truths, has ventured to advertise his church in the daily papers of his own town. The advertisement itself is plain and straightforward setting forth the reasons why it will be to the advantage of the public to attend his church on the Sunday following. The novelty of the procedure has prompted a certain amount of editorial comment and not at all unfavorable. We would be just a little suspicious of their motives in approving church advertising. A live business manager would not be slow to perceive possibilities not to be lightly put aside, and the editor, who is always human, might listen to his views before writing.

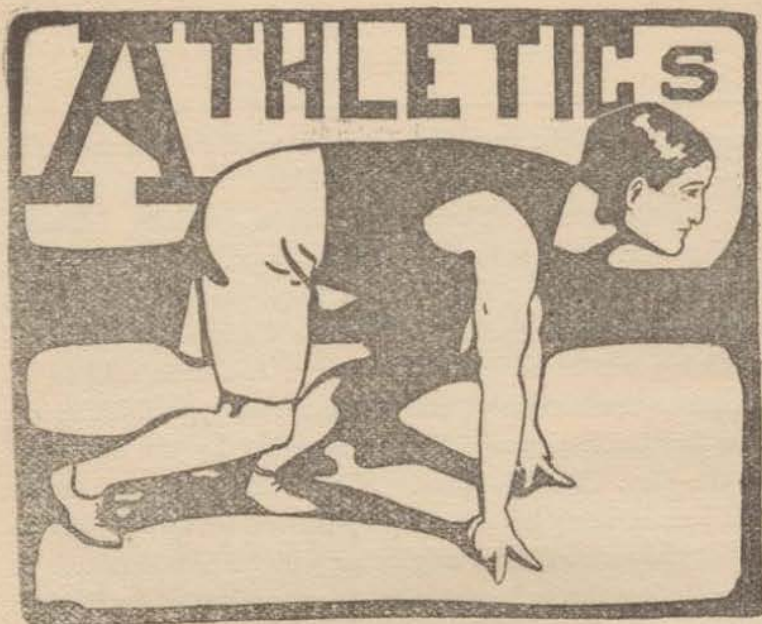
Certainly the Reverend gentleman is within his rights

in making public the spiritual profit within easy reach of all who accept his offer. And if one may advertise, why not all? Should the advertisement prove effectual in filling hitherto empty pews, others would be derelict in their duty who should refuse to use so obtainable a device for fostering congregational growth. Nor is the advertising clergyman seeking to increase his own flock at the expense of another's. He appeals to the non-churchgoers of the city, of whom, it seems, there are, according to his computations, 30,000 in a total population of 38,000—a goodly percentage surely, and worth the expenditure of some ingenuity when they are right at home, professedly christian and civilized, in other words non-cannibalistic. No doubt many of these read the daily papers, particularly on Sunday, when they must have much leisure time at their disposal. Why then may we not expect to find a page or two of the Sunday edition devoted entirely to Church news and advertisements. Thus we would have in large heavy type, "Go to the Avenue Church," and under this in smaller type, "Much Spirituality at a minimum of cost," or "Inspiration for the week, come and get it," or "Gospel Truths delightfully served, do not miss them," or "Orthodox Truths for Orthodox Minds," or "Be saved betimes—this is the day and this, the church." The pastor whose church was situated in the midst of the downtown district would announce the fact somewhat in this manner: "St. N—'s Church, cor. Main and Broadway, most convenient to all the leading hostelrys in the city. Visitors please note the address. Services not too early. Choir composed of only high-priced artists." The suburban pastor on the other hand would not fail to recognize the value of a few heavy typed leaders like the following: "New and Finest Church in the city. Afternoon services a specialty. Combine Religion and Recreation by taking the cars to Rural Park. Drop in during the afternoon to the Church of the Messiah (opposite main entrance to Rural Park). Cars pass by the door. Comfortable seats and sermons to suit the season and the

weather." Might not another even read as follows : " St. X—'s Mortuary Chapel. Finest situation in city, opposite the Cemetery. Funeral parties a specialty. Cheerful interior. First-class florist next door."

Had we been gifted with a lively imagination much more might be suggested along the lines of possible advertising, but we believe that enough has been said to indicate to the ordinary mind what vast possibilities are now for the first time definitely revealed by the ingenuity of the Rev. Mr. Williams. Should the plan succeed, it will immediately be taken up by others, its spread will be rapid, the name of the originator will be handed down in benediction through centuries to come and he will then be assured a bust, if not a life-sized statue in the Hall of Fame, with the scroll beneath, " He read aright the Signs of the Times."





Hand-Ball.

The opening of the term of '09 finds handball in the Senior alley the chief feature of the season. Although the league has been converted into a class championship, the teams are still very evenly matched, and neither contestant can boast of victory until he has "chalked" twenty-one points against his adversary. The first league formed has been dissolved and the following is the present league with its standing at the close of the first series :

	Won.	Lost.
Third Academic	5	0
Belles Lettres	4	1
Rhetoric	3	2
Philosophy II.....	1	3
Philosophy I.....	1	3
Combine	0	5

Several games have been "pulled off" during the initial series that are well worthy of note. The first game between the Belles Lettres class and Third Academic was one that commanded applause from the "rooters" in the rear. While Robinet did the butting stunt for the Aca-

ademic, Busch starred for the Belletricians by pulling the high "ones" out of the atmosphere. Ryan was a worthy second for Robinet, and Fillion played his alley like a veteran. The game was fast and interesting throughout, but the Belletricians were fated to be the losers.

But success crowned the efforts of the "Poets" when they clashed with the Rhetoricians, represented by Moriarty and McQuillan. The contestants were evenly matched and accompanied by a steady applause from the onlookers; but Busch's good serving was effective, and when the storm had abated and the mist had cleared, the umpire proclaimed the Belletricians victors.

Not in some years has the Junior alley held a bunch of handball enthusiasts that could outrival those of to-day. Like their classmates in the Senior alley, Third Academic are ahead in the league and have closed the first series with a perfect percentage. But "Nig" Francis and W. Lankin are upholding the record of the Graduating class, and are playing excellent ball. The standing at the close of the first series is, viz :

	Won.	Lost.
Third Academic.....	5	0
Second Academic.....	3	2
Graduating Comm. I	3	2
Graduating Comm. II	2	3
First Comm.....	1	4
Elementary	1	4

The Tai-Kuns in both handball and basket-ball are into the game like old "vets." A basket-ball team has not yet been formed, but the standing of their handball league shows the following results :

	Won.	Lost.
Third Academic.....	1	1
Second Academic.....	1	1
Elementary	1	1
Second Comm.....	1	0
First Comm. I.....	1	0
Graduating Comm.....	0	2
Third Comm. I.....	0	0
Third Comm. II.....	0	0
First Comm. II.....	0	0

Basket-Ball.

At present there is a lull in the Senior Basket-Ball circles owing to the difficulty in arranging games. This fact has proven a detriment to the team, as they have neglected their necessary practise. However a game is expected with the Wyandotte High School, and we hope to see them enter the arena with renewed vigor. The line-up is :

McGinnis,	R. G.
Curren,	L. G.
Busch,	Centre.
M. Blackwell, (Sec)	L. F.
C. Drouillard, (Capt.)	R. F.
Toolin, Sub.	

Every night finds the Junior Basketballites working out their numerous candidates. The "Boys" showed the fruit of their faithful practise when they defeated the Windsor Juniors in an interesting and well played game. Our young guards were like a stone wall, while the forwards, by their many clever passes, proved a mystery to the opponents, landing the ball in the basket for thirty points, while the Windsor "Boys" heard the "Ump." call "time" with fourteen points to their credit. Line-up :

A. C. JUNIORS.		WINDSOR JRS.
Harper	r. f.	Watson
Goldrick	l. f.	Crapp
Brennan	c.	Cronin
Hetherington	r. g.	Hazel
McIntyre	l. g.	Maroon
Lankin	Sub.	

Windsor baskets—Watson, 1; Crapp, 2. A. C. baskets—Harper, 6; Hetherington, 2; Lanken, 1; Burrows, 2; Goldrick, 2; McIntyre, 2.

Mr. Justin (Nig.) Clarke, '01, called on us during the month and demonstrated to the boys a few pointers in the old game of handball. "Nig." will start on the 20th for Mobile, where he will join the "Naps." for the spring workout in the Sunny South.

—L. W. KENNEDY, '12.



We ask the assistance of the Alumni in making this department as interesting as possible. Without your assistance it is impossible for us to secure all the items that we shall need. Do not forget us. A line or two will suffice.

Rev. J. B. Collins, C. S. B., '88, for some years a member of the College Staff, and now assistant pastor of the St. Anne's Church, Detroit, has recovered from his recent illness, which for a time threatened to prove very serious. The illness was the result of blood poisoning occasioned by handling the money collected in the church. The infection spread to his head and for several days he was in grave danger, but we are pleased to note that he has fully recovered and is able to attend to his duties once more.

Rev. Anthony Ternes, '84, of St. Elizabeth's Church, Detroit, and Rev. Eugene Cullinan, '89, St. Mary's Church, Jackson, Mich., along with Rev. Vitold Buhaevkowski, of the Polish Seminary, Detroit, have been appointed by the clergy of the diocese of Detroit to fill the vacancies on the staff of the diocesan consulters. The vacancies were

caused by the resignations of Rev. Frs. M. J. P. Dempsey, F. J. Baungartner and B. J. Wermers, whose terms have expired.

Very Rev. R. McBrady, C. S. B., '74, former President of Assumption, and now Vice-President of St. Michael's College, Toronto, is fulfilling the duties of President in that institution during the serious illness of the President, Rev. Nicholas Roche. Father McBrady has been interviewed on the new spelling, or at least on the reversion to the old method of spelling "honor" and such words with a "u," and says that as he was taught to spell with a "u" he will be obedient and continue to do as he was taught.

John Longe, a student here for the past few years, has entered the Ferris Institute at Big Rapids, Mich., where he will take a preparatory course for the University of Michigan, which he intends to enter in the Fall, and pursue a course of Dentistry. While at Assumption John was prominent in all athletic sports, but his absence will be felt chiefly on the Base-Ball nine and the Rugby team, of which he was Captain during the past fall. We wish him all success in his new endeavors.

Leo Brennan, who was a student at the College during the years '02-'06, is studying law in his home town, Hamilton, Ont., with the law firm of Publow & Ogilvie.

Rev. Chas. Parent, '88, and Rev. J. Brennan, '98, of Bothwell, Ont., were among those present at the recent reception of Religious at the Ursuline Convent, Chatham, Ont.

W. J. Myron, a student here some years ago, is at present conducting a large Teaming Contractor business at 408 Winchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Chronicle.

What's the latest at A. C.? Waltz me around again Willie in the handball alley.

The "Old Boys" have returned after the holidays, also many new students. All signs of the "Blues," which had lately been so prominent, have disappeared, and We're here because we're here !!

Sad and unexpected news was in store for James Condrick, of London, Ont., when a message arrived here on the morning of Jan. 19th, announcing the sudden death of his father. To Jas. we owe and extend our sincere sympathies.

The "Canal" is the latest resort and affords quantities of amusement to the skating enthusiasts.

Cyril Coughlin, of London, Ont., who has been enrolled among our ranks since the beginning of the term of '07, has seen fit to discontinue his course here. Cyril's departure was noted considerably by the promoters of our magazine as he was a prominent member of the REVIEW staff. Also two other Londoners, Gerald Coughlin and Cornelius Doyle, who entered College last year, have returned home.

The completion of our new shower baths is eagerly looked for by all the bathers.

Baseball enthusiasm, although held in check by the cold weather, has not decreased in the least, and one might have mistaken Assumption for a Hot Springs on seeing the goodly bunch of recruits that were taking a January workout during the warm days.

If a man can walk ten times around the "Little Yard" in one "rec," where will he be on the 1st of May?

The initial meeting of the Dramatic Club for the ensuing term was held in the Dramatic Hall, Tuesday

evening, Jan. 26th, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Howard. The officers are, viz : Fr. Howard, president ; Jas. Bell, vice-president ; and Jas. Harding, secretary. After a few remarks by the Reverend President, he announced that Physical Culture would be henceforth a chief feature of the society. The entertainers for the following meeting were chosen and the meeting adjourned.

Who's ghost did Tom Moran see on the third flat ?

Rev. A. Morley, of Detroit, Mich., one of our former teachers, came to bid adieu to old friends before going to Laporte, Texas, where he will be engaged in College work.

Among our visitors of the past month were the Reverends R. L. Marker, Dearborn ; J. Stapleton, Detroit ; J. Dunn Parkhill, Ont., and J. Hanlon, Clinton, Ont. ; H. Robert, Windsor ; E. Taylor, Ann Arbor ; F. Kennedy, Ypsilanti ; J. Valentine, London ; T. Luby, Mt. Morris ; and D. Dillon, Fenton.

On the evening of Jan. 20th, St. Basil's Literary Society held the first meeting for the New Year. Mr. Jas. Harding moving an adoption of the minutes, took occasion to urge upon the members the necessity of their co-operation in the work of the COLLEGE REVIEW. Mr. Harding has, from the beginning, been intensely interested in this work, and to his efforts much of the success of our paper must be credited. He was followed by Mr. Leo Kennedy who delivered a panegyric on the late Wm. McKinley. He dwelt particularly on the fact that the martyred president was a self-made man. The regular program was then carried out. Mr. T. O'Rourke read an interesting paper, detailing his Christmas experiences. Mr. O'Rourke, who is a Texan, had never seen a Canadian winter, and his appreciation of Xmas day spent in the land of the snow rivalled Kipling's, and was more just. "Hildebrand" was the title of a paper which appears in another section of this REVIEW,

and was read by Mr. T. Corcoran. Mr. Byrne next read a very interesting football story. This sort of story generally appeals to us most strongly. Mr. J. Fillion closed the meeting with a few of his sentiments of the work of the REVIEW, but the bell rang calling the students to study before he was able to conclude his remarks.

—LEO KENNEDY, '12.



Exchanges.

Among the exchanges received on our tables for January, *The Laurel* is without doubt one of the best. For true literary merit it is unequalled by few and excelled by none. In "The America of To-day," the history of the United States is told in a brief but clear cut style from its infancy to the present day. Not only are the great political events mentioned but also the moral and intellectual developments are vividly portrayed. Nothing can be said against the story, "Where Strife Ceased," but much should be said in its praise. Though it is only fiction nevertheless it is the counterpart of many Kentucky feuds. In it we should carefully note what a little jealousy will cause, and also how a simple act of kindness will atone for any and all existing hatred. "Ambitions Test," though not as long as its mate, contains a worthy moral. "A Thought from the Poets," is a well chosen subject, and its composition shows great care in its structure and diction. The characterization, "A True Literary Genius," is able to speak for itself. Judging from the poems and Society notes we could not expect anything but a first class *Laurel*, for in the literary department much interest is manifest.

The Christmas number of the *Purple and White* was a decided improvement over the October and November issues. A short story entitled "A Counterfeiters Christmas Eve," is deserving of a great deal of praise for completeness and the skillful way in which the plot was handled. An essay, entitled "Honesty," convinces us of the truth of that famous old maxim, "Honesty is the best policy." The many poems commemorating the joyful feast of Christmas are in keeping with the spirit of time, and are of a high standard. The joke department is in good hands.

The Echoes from the Pines was also a welcome January exchange, especially after so long an absence. Its cover presented a pleasing appearance, while the interior

is overflowing with abundance of choice reading matter. "Oriental Idyls," is a well written article, giving us an interesting account of the journey of the Wise Men from the East. "The Youngsters," is well told, while "The Cripple of Lepanto" shows a thorough knowledge of the subject by the author and a great deal of care in its composition.

The Western University Gazette came last month for the first time; and we found it full of interest, and in general very clever. Great changes have been made in building accommodations, and from what we can learn, they are only the first of many which are soon to follow. With the government at least recognizing the need of a great University in the Forest City, and an efficient executive in control, great things may be expected. In Toronto a great University has been built up under the fostering care of their neighbors in Queen's Park, and another almost equal to Toronto University could be created, if similar encouragement were given. Is there room in Western Ontario for a large University! Some say not. We believe such critics do not fully appreciate the territory which a University in London has to draw from. Situated in the most populous and prosperous section of the Province, it has advantages which Toronto does not possess. We hope that the Ontario Government will continue what has been well begun. In the meantime let us pull together for a Greater Western University.

We also gratefully acknowledge the following for December: *Agnesian Monthly*, *Nazarene*, *Collegian*, *Exponent*, *Echoes from the Pines*, *Trinity College Record*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Laurel*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Niagara Index*, *Xavier*, *Student*, *St. Mary's Messenger*, *Patrician* and *St. Mary's Sentinel*.

For January: *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Niagara Index*, *Agnesian Monthly*, *Dial*, *Exponent*, *Collegian*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Nazarene*, *St. Mary's Messenger*, *Xavier* and *Catholic Record*.

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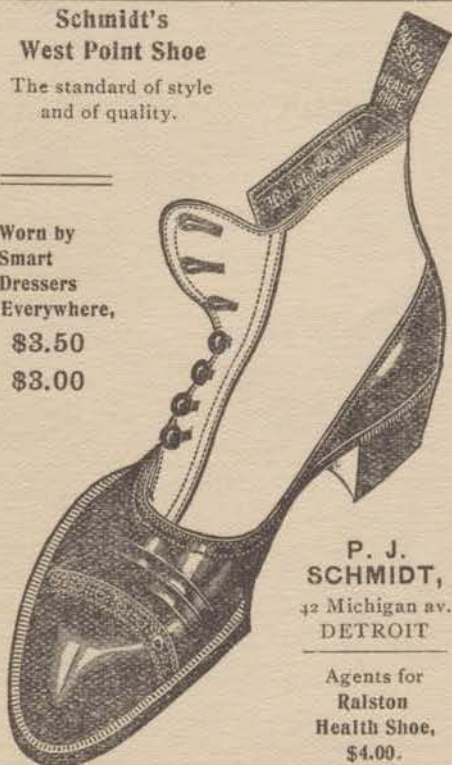
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